

[Whole No. 361.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.]

Subject: The Divine Indwelling.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OF

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CHRISTIAN UNION PUBLISHING COMPANY,

(27 PARK PLACE, AND 24 & 26 MURRAY STREET.)

1875.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS FOR THE TRADE.

European Agents: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Crown Buildings,
188 Fleet Street, London. Sold by all Carriers and News Dealers.

AUTHORIZATION.

BROOKLYN, January, 1869.

Gentlemen:—Mr. T. J. ELLIWOOD has been the reporter of my sermons for some ten years; and he is the only authorized reporter of them. The sermons which you are printing, week by week, from his hand, are published by you alone, and are the only ones for which I will consent to become responsible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT is the only regular publication of Mr. BEECHER's current sermons—the one sanctioned by his authority; it is well printed on good paper, in book form—suitable for binding and preservation—and it is cheap. The publishers respond to the demand for a regular insertion of the Prayers, as among the most profitable features of Mr. BEECHER's ministrations; and the Scriptural lessons and hymns sung are also indicated, making a complete record of one service of Plymouth Church for each Sunday.

This publication began with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Church services for the year. Each Volume contains twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. Volumes I. to VIII. are now issued in book form; each making one large and handsome 8vo vol. of about 500 pages;—Vol. I. being embellished with a new STEEL PORTRAIT of Mr. BEECHER—the best likeness of him ever published—Vol. II. having a fine large Interior View of Plymouth Church. Bound in extra cloth, beveled boards. Price \$2.50 per vol. Sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price. Vols. IX. and X. are now ready, closing the original series.

A full Table of the Subjects discussed in all ten of the volumes of the original series will be mailed to any address on receipt of a 2-cent postage-stamp. Any back numbers—single sermons—can be had.

A New Series.

In the present commodious 12mo size, but retaining the clear, open type of the larger pamphlet, the New Series was commenced Sept. 27, 1873. This will hereafter be the style of the publication.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 10 cents. Yearly subscription price, \$3, giving two volumes of about 500 pages each. Half-yearly subscription price, \$1.75. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

A PREMIUM OIL-CHROMO will be presented to each annual subscriber for the ensuing year, a fac-simile of Mrs. Sherman's painting called "*The Lord is Risen.*" An old moss-grown Cross, symbol of the Saviour's earthly work and death, stands in the gray dawn of Resurrection Morning, wreathed with vines and clusters of violets and pure lilies-of-the-valley—the flowers and foliage of early Spring, symbols of the new life. As a whole, the picture is an exquisite expression, in natural objects, of the central thought of the New Testament, and will receive a warm welcome from all who love The Book.

In several years' experience we have learned that 999 out of every 1,000 subscribers wish us to mount and deliver the pictures presented with periodicals, because we can do it cheaper than they can get it done. We shall therefore issue no unmounted ones. The charge for Mounting and Delivering the Picture (sized and varnished, all ready for framing) to each subscriber is 50 cents, to be remitted with the subscription price; the entire sum thus being \$3.50. Remit by Postal order, check, or registered letter; currency at the risk of the sender.

POSTAGE OF PLYMOUTH PULPIT to subscribers in the United States is twenty cents per year, payable quarterly, in advance, at the Post-office to which the pamphlet is sent; and on single copies to England it is two cents.

THE DIVINE INDWELLING.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—JOHN xiv., 23.

This language is not solitary or singular. In its immediate context, it is repeated under every form and under various images.

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

The three evangelists that are called synoptic—Matthew, Mark, and Luke—deal very largely in the external experiences and relations of Jesus. John, distinguishably from all the others, reveals the interior life of Christ. It is remarkable how far from the educated style of thought the whole Bible is. The drift of education, in our day, is from things to ideas and relations. We are reasoners. We use facts as grapes are used, for the sake of the wine that can be pressed out of them; and, often, as the cluster is destroyed for the sake of the wine, so the facts are macerated for the sake of the conclusions. At any rate, there is an unquestionable feeling that he who reasons upon causes, he that is able to fix his mind upon abstract ideas, to construct them into a world of his own, is furthest advanced, and is the greatest. So then, men say, "Ethics are very good, but doctrine is supreme." Now, with the exception, perhaps, of the apostle

Paul, who had received a liberal education, there is almost not a single philosophizing spirit represented in the whole Bible. Almost the whole body of writers the results of whose works is included in the sacred scriptures of the Old Testament and of the New, represent facts as they appear to common people : and these are translated into scientific forms of thought ; and the translation is by preachers and teachers ; and often the original is lost in the translation ; and we have periphrases rather than the actual signification of the original.

You will find, therefore, in the whole life of Christ, as contained in the four evangelists, almost nothing of that style of thinking which is prevalent in our catechisms and in our bodies of divinity.

Among the four evangelists John stands alone, and peculiar. It may be said that the key-note of his gospel is the doctrine of the intersphering of the Divine mind with the human mind. It is not an elaborate psychological theory or treatise. It is a statement of facts, such as is Matthew's gospel ; but the facts stated, as nowhere else in the evangelists, are interior, and not exterior.

In the passage which we have read, and its co-related passages, it is the indwelling of God in the human mind that is taught. Men read this in a cursory manner ; and because it does not convey any very intelligible idea to them they are apt to pass it by, saying, "This is metaphorical ; this is figurative : " and the tendency to pass it by is increased by the use which is made of these passages by mystical writers who have been fascinated by them—for a mystical mind loves things in the proportion in which they are vague. The scientific nature wants everything to be as sharp as the angles of a crystal ; it wants things to go just so far, and no further ; it wants lines to be measurable in every direction : but a mystical nature, and one in which there is deep emotion qualified by secretiveness, likes things not very definitely measurable—likes clouds, that you cannot measure, and of which you cannot say, "Here it begins and there it ends." It likes things with rounded outlines, or with lines that fade off into almost nothingness, or to such faint degrees that you

cannot distinguish them. Such minds have rejoiced in the writings of John, who dealt with things mystical, which were so much like gossamer webs that others could not appreciate them. There is that difficulty, I think, intrinsic in this passage; and there is a reaction from this mode of treating Scripture; and we do not make, I think, so much of the indwelling of the divine mind in ours as is made of it in Scripture, and as may be profitably made of it in spiritual life.

Consider that the highest form of being—that which contains in itself the germ and seed of all creation, of every element known to men, of every faculty, and of those qualities which faculties were organized to express, and which lie back of faculty—is, in amount and influence, far beyond anything that we know.

For instance, the affection which we experience through the tendency or faculty of love is, in itself, and in its infinite relations, unspeakably beyond anything which is interpreted to us by the faculty.

Consider that the mind of God is that which contains in itself the germ and the seed of all faculty and fact, and of all the quality which fact and faculty interpret to mankind, of all possible combinations and of all elements, everywhere, throughout creation. Consider that a mind containing such elements, and existing in conditions untranslatable, incomprehensible, with moods of activity which cannot be known by us in our lower sphere of life, must be a mind not easy to understand, and that anything declared in regard to it must be interpreted under difficulties, and with the liability of extreme inaccuracy. Our knowledge springs from the experience of the lowest plane of divine existence. We are the sons of God; we have something in us which interprets God: not quantity of being, not power, but essential *quality*, in certain elements of our nature. But all these qualities we have experienced in our relations to one another in society, and in a comparatively low plane of existence. The vast ranges which these very same experiences take on in beings of a higher mold we know almost nothing about; and still less do we know what are the moods, conditions and experiences of one so transcendent above all others as God must

needs be. The distance between Goethe and the peasants of Germany, or between Shakspeare and the untaught yeomen of England, or between Emerson and the plowboys of Massachusetts, is so great, that they may almost be said to be not the same beings—for, although they are coupled together by the sympathy of a bodily organization, yet the carriage of their thoughts and tastes; their habits; their ways of looking at things; the multitude of living, meaning facts; the moods; and the associations one with another,—these are so different that they are substantially in different worlds, and are further apart than any measurer's rule could put them.

If it be so in respect to those who dwell among us, if we see that men are near or far off according to the development of their inward nature, how much more are they near to Him who lives above all human beings—a spirit—a Divine nature!

All these ideas work toward a grander idea of the intersphering of mind with mind, and not away from it; and we shall find that, just in proportion as we rise from the lower to the higher, though the outward concern of one man with another may not be less, the inward life grows larger and larger, and that we shift the unit of value: whereas, in the lower forms of associated life among men, the unit of value is juxtaposition; it is physical presence; it is rude strength; it is accomplishing skill; it is the capacity of man, with his body, to develop one or another phenomenon for the admiration or delectation of men. As men grow toward manhood the body becomes less, and conforms itself to taste. It may take on accomplishment, but all that the body does is but a representative of that which is within it—the mind; and our intercourse one with another is an intercourse by thought, and not by action; by taste, and not by the properties of matter; by imagination and emotion. Men are near to each other, or far from each other, not so much by contiguity as by inward similarities or repugnances.

There are many that live under the same roof who never were within a thousand leagues of each other; and there are many that never came together who are nevertheless one. That man, that author, who has filled me with knowledge, with enthusiasm, and with the subtle leaven of imagina-

tion, and so has enriched my whole life; that man whose name I have garlanded with a thousand precious thoughts and emotions,—that man lives in me, and I live in that man. He is nearer to me than though he dwelt in my house. It is possible to be near and yet far away. It is possible to be far away, and yet not only to be near but to be insphered the one with the other. And if this be the analogy of development in human life, and if you carry it on, how much larger might we suppose to be the intersphering of mind with mind touched by thought, by imagination, by emotion, by spiritual experience! This is ineffable. There are no bars, no limitations, no hindrances in this intercourse. There is absolute freedom in the higher sphere of human life; but bondage and proscription belong to the animal life. In the organized family, it is indispensable that things be held somewhat according to the natural laws of force, restriction and limitation: but as you go up toward the spiritual and intellectual life, men grow freer as they grow true; and thought, feeling, hope, faith and love have absolute, unbounded liberty.

What, then, must be the terms of intercourse between beings lifted above the sphere of mortal life, where they come together by that which we perceive even in our dull and undeveloped, inexperienced hope; and what must be the nature of that God, Father of all these tendencies, himself representing them most perfectly?

In the Word of God it is declared that he comes to men, and abides in them. We are not to turn over the leaf and say, "A figure"; nor are we to reduce that expression to the level of our own experience; neither are we to give it a coarse and economic explanation, saying, "Well, we live with men when we somewhat like them, and we dwell in men when we are obedient to them, and they control us." That is the beginning of an explanation; but it does not at all measure the fullness of the idea that is conveyed in these passages—namely, that there is power given to men to open their souls by love in such a way as that the divine influence interspheres the human faculties, and the soul moves to the touch of the divine mind, indwelling and permanent. Though

there is no possible parallel experience, and though there is no absolute analogy in the line of thought which we have followed, yet it suggests much.

While the lower animals are one by juxtaposition, while they are physically near to each other, and while they influence each other casually, that intercourse becomes enlarged as we rise to the lower sphere of the human family; it becomes enlarged to a still greater extent as we rise into the cultivated and more developed spheres; and it becomes more complex still as we develop morally and æsthetically; so that in the highest forms of nature, and in their noblest intercourse, it is changed from an almost entirely exterior intercourse to an interior one. In other words, we actually do toward each other that which it is supposed to be impossible to interpret as between God and the human soul.

If you will analyze your own intercourse with those who are best beloved by you and nearest to you, you will be struck, after a time, with how little the exterior is in your mind when you think of them, and how largely you think of them by what they are interiorly—by their disposition—by their mental nature.

The indwelling, then, which is recognized in our lower plane, though not an equivalent, nor perhaps strictly analogic, suggests and gives a sense of possibility to that which exists between God and us.

For example, a child that has come so far along as to be able to appreciate thought and feeling and imagination is not conscious of deriving everything from father and mother; and yet, as you look upon the child, seeing it derive its thoughts from its father and mother, seeing it derive its impulses from them, seeing it act all the day long under the stimulation of their experience and their disposition, you very soon come to have a thought that it lives in its parents—as it does. It may not be conscious of it; it is not generally—certainly not until the intercourse is broken off, and homesickness ensues; but we see that, without being conscious of it, the child does really use the best part of itself with its faculties under the constant stimulus of the living presence of the father and mother.

And this is so not merely in childhood. It is seen as the child grows up and goes into school, as a favorite with the teacher, who arouses in it the love of knowledge as the new birth of intellect comes—for every true scholar has to be born in intellect. There is a point of time when every man can testify he had an impulse which carried him over the inertness of custom, and gave him a sense of victory over his faculties. The pupil, under the teacher, in books, in art, in any economy of civilization, acts under the predominant influence of his master. Not that he does not act somewhat, also, by other forces; but this dominates, and is supreme. He goes through all his avocations; and to the end of his life he is conscious, if he thinks of himself, of influences that move upon him. Some men are so constituted with strong and permanent mental tendencies that they are less influenced than others; but the fact that mind works upon mind, and is the prime cause of development and education, no man can doubt.

Not only is it so in the intellectual, social, and esthetic spheres, but still more is it so, and still more is it recognized, in the realm of the affections; so that persons who are dwelling together in a true, symmetrical affection need no illustration to show that they constantly act as in the presence, and under the stimulating influence, of each other's disposition. Hence, as being unfolds, as men become more sensitive, as their natures grow larger, we should suppose that this tendency, which began at zero, and augmented with their augmentation, and is never so strong as at their largest development, would go on increasing. The more a man's nature is opened, the larger the development of the faculties, the more perfectly his mind acts under the interior and invisible influence of other minds.

It is in this susceptibility of mind to the divine that I place the whole doctrine of the Spirit of God. While I perceive that the physical globe has in it all stimulus for the body; while I see that society affords sufficient cause for the evolution and full development of our social feelings; while I recognize that the lower forms of the intellect find in the material and scientific elements enough influence and stimu-

lus and pabulum ; it seems to me that the higher elements of our nature—those which, more or less perfectly, in every age of the world, constitute heroism and the largest manhood—have very little in this world, or in the intercourse of man with man, or in mundane causes or influences, that fits this higher part ; and it is upon this that the direct Spirit of God falls. The indwelling of the divine nature with the human lifts us above the animal into the spiritual, and gives perpetual stimulus and inspiration there. And I hold that whatever has inspiration in thought throughout the globe, among Christian or heathen, ancient or modern, people, is the fruit of the divine touch in the human soul, and the universality of the spiritual influence of God ; and the fact that it touches the highest points of our nature is the fruitful cause of all the effects that proceed from our highest nature. This is the largest expression of that doctrine of the Divine effluence which is taught in the New Testament.

When, therefore, our Master promised his disciples that if they would abide with him he would be a source of great consolation and enlightenment to them, he uttered that which, though it may be unfamiliar to us by reason of the lowness of our lives, belongs to the divinest and most universal development of truth as it relates to the human mind. We are taught distinctly that the avenue, the door, through which the divine influence comes, is that of love to men under the condemnation of the malign feelings—pride, vanity, selfishness, appetite, and passion. A mind that is closed to all the sweetness of benevolence and all the delicacies of affection, and that is continually made lurid by the lower feelings, can no more perceive God, or feel the divine impact, than a globe shrouded by storm-clouds can take the light of the sun which is intercepted. “The light shineth into the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not” is the teaching of John. The divine luminousness goes forth to all creation ; and those that are shrouded in their lower nature, in their appetites and passions, though it shines upon them, are not conscious of it, and are not benefited by it : but where the soul is kept pure, where the lower nature is suppressed, where it works not only in harmony

with, but in subjection and thorough obedience to, the higher nature, so that in the soul there is no bitterness, no hating, no envy, no jealousy, nothing that hurts, but everything that breathes a genial and benevolent disposition,—there comes continually that influence of God which stimulates whatever is good, and helps to repress all that is bad.

“Blessed are the pure in heart; they shall see God.” He dwells with those who by their purity of heart give opportunity for the Divine Spirit to rest in their nature. More than this, when by love the soul is open to this inter-sphering activity of the Divine mind; when men thoroughly conform themselves to this higher method of living; when they dwell in it; when it abides with them; when it is their temper and temperament, then is fulfilled in them all the words of promise of Jesus in the evangelists.

When, therefore, men ask me, “Do you believe in the higher life? do you believe in a life of perfection?” I will not quarrel with them about terms; I will not go into a campaign of limitations and definitions; but this I will say: that there is a sphere where the human mind may dwell in perfect peace, not because it is sinless, not because it is perfect, not because it is perfectly good, not because it has attained the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, but because the mind that lives under the direct influence of the Divine mind cannot but be peaceful, joyful, happy, even though it be imperfect. There is that power in the divine presence which inspires happiness, joyfulness, and peace.

When I am sick, and he that visits me as a physician is robust and hopeful and cheerful, his face is better medicine to me than his potions; for if he come into my room with elastic step and cheerful bearing, I feel the power of the physician more than by and by I shall feel the power of the medicine.

If one's affairs are in turmoil, and he is in discouragement well nigh to despondency, and there comes to him a robust friend who always shines as the stars do, that are the lighter the darker the night, the mere coming of this friend is itself the beginning of prosperity to him again. No man ever brings so much with his hands as he brings with his heart.

In your ordinary experience, you know that it does not require that you should be so very good, in order that you may be powerfully affected by men; and if that is so, how much more powerfully might it be expected that a man would be influenced by the potency of the Divine soul; and if the Divine soul, coming to men yet limited, or more or less rusted out by selfishness, or more or less under the dominion of sin, powerfully influences them, how much more would that soul, shining on them, make them radiant, dwelling in them to quicken all the sources of hope, and to put down all doubt and fear and unbelief?

It is not necessary that a man should be perfect, in order to be serenely happy. I *do* believe in a higher life. I believe that some get it in the beginning. I believe that some were ordained to be so symmetrical and harmonious, that they have not the struggles which other people have.

I know that, in order to prove the doctrine of universal human sinfulness, we have been accustomed to criticise persons of very harmonious construction, and say, "They are a great deal more sinful than they seem to be;" but there are many persons, I think, who have come into life with such a harmonious mind, who so early took on the knowledge of God, and who were so fortunate in their circumstances, that they sail through life, from beginning to end, a blessed symphony to all those who come near them. They are happy, and are a source of happiness to all others. I would to God there were more of them. Because there are many eagles and hawks and owls, it does not follow that there are not nightingales.

I thank God for persons who have a sweet and beautiful temperament. I thank God for them, as lights in dark places. I will not deny the facts of consciousness, for the sake of establishing the theory of sinfulness; but there are many who are far less fortunately organized—many who are less perfect, and comparatively unfruitful: nevertheless, when the Spirit of God dwells in their soul, whatever is good is made trebly good, and whatever is evil is held in check or partial restraint; and it does not require the doctrine of perfection in any literal or unchangeable sense to assert that it

is in the power of men to rise to a higher life, where they shall live in serenity, overcoming the world, not simply by the power of their own faculties, but by the power of their own faculties stimulated by the indwelling presence of God.

It is this condition of soul, in which it feeds upon God, that you have the privilege of aspiring to, with the hope of attaining it: and when a man has come to that condition; when he has so long dwelt with God in Christ Jesus, and when God has so long dwelt in him, that his disposition is confirmed under the Divine influence, it is not possible for domestic care, bereavements, losses, despondencies, or the ten thousand things which continually annoy and vex human life, to hurt him. A person who is under the dominion of his higher sentiments almost forgets the things that affect his lower nature.

We pity men who are burned at the stake; but my opinion is that all men who die as martyrs die more painless deaths than the majority of people: for when the nervous system is strung up to high tension, when a man is able to be a martyr, he goes to the stake itself almost unconsciously. Men in battle are sometimes shot through and through without knowing it; while if they were out of battle, and under a less degree of excitement, they would know it.

It is a generic truth, that it is in the power of men to live in their higher nature with such continuity and such thoroughness under the influence and stimulus of the Divine presence, that below them the world rolls and seethes, and they are almost unconscious of it. And this is subject to habit as much as any other fact of our experience. As an occasional experience, it is of but little worth: but the continual aiming at this state; the abiding in it; the perfect subjection of every thought and feeling to the will of God; the having constantly the disposition of love through which, as an atmosphere, shining as the sun, is felt the indwelling and touch of the inspiration of the Divine mind upon ours—this disarms trouble. It shoots light through the darkness. It gives us summer in winter. It makes us live, even in dying. It makes us conquerors and more than conquerors through him who loved us.

It is to this life, to this nobler development of experience—not to changes and occasional flames of joy, but to an education of the soul into its higher nature, and into such a permanent building of it that it dwells in sympathetic intercourse with God—it is to this that I call you, and all who have made a profession of faith in Christ Jesus. Many of you are as children just learning the alphabet; but it is a grand literature that you are aspiring after. It is toward this blessed conception that I call all those who have stood out, and are scarcely the friends of religion; as if it were but a round of superstition, imposing penances and tasks. No, it is a new manhood. It is being born again, though not in any low and superstitious sense. It is a disclosure of the royalty of the soul. It is bringing the soul into the presence of God, and dwelling in that presence until all that is low is purged away, and all that is impure is held subordinate and thoroughly disciplined, and all that is radiant and immortal is brought to power and glory.

It is for this that Jesus is revealed: to take away the sin of the world, and be the Way, the Door, the Life, the Bread, the Water, the Wine, and the Vine bearing the branch. It is in this office that he presents himself to you; and it is in this office, dearly beloved, that we to-day shall draw near to these sacred memorials of the body of Christ broken for us, and of God manifest in the flesh, saying, both by word and by deed, “Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends.” That love, which was expressed by this act of our Saviour, flames in the heaven above, needing no such symbol, the source of light and of joy.

To-day I invite you, one and all, to renew your covenant relations with this blessed Saviour, and enter again, in the secrecy of your thoughts, into the pledge of love. All who are conscious of a need of divine help; all who are willing to accept that help, with a distinct understanding that they are attempting to build their souls for eternity,—all such I invite (if they think it best and feel in themselves a drawing thither) to this sacred table. ¶ I invite all such, not because they are members of this church, or of that church, or of

any church, but because they know their need, and, knowing it, earnestly long for God, and are willing to accept the Divine indwelling. If you are sinful, erroneous, imperfect on every side, remember the words of Him who said, "They that are whole need not a physician: I come to call, not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.*

WE thank thee, our Father, for all the manifestations which thou hast made, and art increasing from age to age, of thyself, and of the power of God upon the human heart, and for all the presages and blessed intimations which we have of that dignity, and power, and beauty, and joy which shall come upon the soul when it is fashioned by the Divine nature, and when it shall rise into the image of God, and into his presence. We thank thee, that, walking upon the earth under thick trees which hide so often the sun from shining upon us, we yet have intimations of coming glory through the openings in the brightening heaven; and when it is hidden again, we remember it, and rejoice in it. We rejoice that it is given to us, not to walk as other men do, only in the strength that is of man, but in the strength that is of God. Ours are the hopes which are wrought by the Comforter in the human soul. Ours is the joy of forgiven sin. Ours is the grace of faith. Ours is that inward life, that indwelling presence, which is the cause of all that is good, and which is full of cheer and of gladness.

And now we pray that thou wilt grant this morning to every one of thy people a renewed expression of thy love. May they be able to throw off all doubt, all coldness, all indocility. Open their understandings, that they may perceive the truths of thy word, which may become even more beautiful as truths of their own experience. Grant that by thine indwelling all that which is contrary to the law of God may be repressed, and all that which is of its spirit and life may flame forth as sacred fire, and that to-day, as temples of the Holy Ghost, they may be filled with sweet incense as an offering before God.

We thank thee that from time to time thou art bringing one and another pilgrim from doubt and trouble into the promised land of hope. We thank thee that thou art filling up the places that are made by death or removal in our midst, and that thou art thus keeping together this great company of believers whose hope is in joy, whose strength is in God, whose lives are hid, who walk outwardly in a vain show, and whose true life lies beyond and above the storm and trouble of this earthly realm. We thank thee that thou art drawing them from time to time to a better wisdom; and we pray that thou wilt grant that the truth may so be made manifest by the living of thy people that there shall be no question, or doubt, or infidelity. And may men believe, not alone the word and the record, but the thing signified. May all goodness abound among thy people; all gentleness and graciousness; all faith and trust; all simplicity and purity; all love and fidelity; all activity in doing good; and all zeal with knowledge.

We pray that thou wilt make the name of Jesus beautiful, so that those who behold him in his disciples shall be won to him, that thus they may glorify our Father who art in heaven.

* Immediately following the reception of members into the church.

We thank thee for the long years that have passed, and for the memorable histories that have transpired here. We rejoice that to-day so many are in heaven who have learned the way thither in this place, and that they are in that great company who cry out to us, Come up hither. We thank thee that among the number of those who have proved the power of death itself, and who reign triumphant to-day above all change except from glory to glory—we thank thee that among them there are so many whom our heart seeks, and seeking finds.

O Lord God, we pray that thou wilt bring each heavenly state very near to us to-day. May there come down manna therefrom. May we be fed with hope and inspiration. Yea, may we have, if not the visible, yet the unquestionable, presence of the Comforter with us, so that this may be one of the days of the Son of Man; and may we rejoice in it.

We pray that thou wilt be especially near to those who this morning have been united to us by solemn covenants. May those who are for the first time to walk manifestly before men, avowing the name of Jesus, remember that blessed name. May it be as a shield to them. In it may they find inspiration and defense. May they do nothing to tarnish it. May they reap from it plentifully of the Bread of Life; for thou art the Bread of Life, and thou dost feed all those souls that look unto thee.

And we pray that thou wilt grant a blessing to rest upon those who have come to us from other churches. Bless also the churches from which they came. And grant, we pray thee, that thy word may, in all the churches of this great city, be preached with more and more power. Bless the interests of thy cause under every form—all moralities, all reformatations, all enterprises that have for their object the welfare of mankind.

We pray that thou wilt bless us during the week in our several vocations. Grant that we may carry to them a higher light of inspiration than belongs to men of the world.

We beseech thee that thou wilt guard all those influences which are striving together in all nations for the advance of civilization, and for the establishment of the kingdom of God among men. May wars cease, and may the occasions of war pass away. May injustice come to be unknown. May pride, and all domineering, and hating, and oppression come to an end, and be remembered as the things of the night; may the world, finding its light coming, awake to its true manhood; and may the glory of the Lord fill all the earth.

We pray that thou wilt accept our prayer, not because we are worthy to offer anything, or to supplicate aught; we speak in the name of Jesus our beloved; and we pray that thou wilt for his sake hear and answer our petition.

And to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*

SILVER-PLATED WARE

MANUFACTURED BY

THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

No. 350 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FACTORIES: WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

Sole Proprietors and Patentees of the

CELEBRATED PORCELAIN-LINED ICE PITCHERS.

Cleaner, Lighter and More Durable than the Metal-Lined. The Porcelain is enameled on hard metal, and CANNOT BE BROKEN OR CRACKED BY ROUGH USAGE.

C. F. A. HINRICHS imports and deals at wholesale and retail in China and Glass; Fancy Goods, Toys and Games; Archery, Croquet, Cricket Goods, &c.; also the Kleeman's celebrated Study or Reading Lamps, Chandeliers, &c. Price Lists on application.—29, 31 & 33 Park Place, corner of Church Street (up stairs), New York.

ONE PRICE ONLY.—Stationery of all kinds. Writing Paper, Envelopes, and Account Books Cheap. Leach's Falcon Pens, 65 cts.; and Law Pens, \$1 a gross. Samples sent by mail. J. LEACH, 86 Nassau St., N. Y.

READY JUNE 15th.

THE ABBÉ TIGRANE:

CANDIDATE FOR THE PAPAL CHAIR.

From the French of FERDINAND FABRE. Translated by REV. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

12mo, gilt and ink-stamped cloth, \$1.50.

A brilliant picture of life—interesting from beginning to end. It is a French novel without immorality, a tale of intrigue without women, and altogether an original, piquant, and readable story.

A SUMMER PARISH:

SERMONS AND MORNING SERVICES OF PRAYER AT THE
TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, DURING
AUGUST, 1874.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Large 12mo, with Silver Print Photographic Portrait. Extra Cloth, \$1.50.

This book will be welcome to thousands of Mr. Beecher's friends everywhere, who will find interest in these, his lighter labors, during the period of his summer rest.

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

27 Park Place, N. Y.

THE NEW NOVEL.

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS:

OR,

THE RECORDS OF AN UNFASHIONABLE STREET.

A Sequel to "My Wife and I."

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ILLUSTRATED.

12mo. Fancy Stamped Cloth. \$1.75.

THIS new book of Mrs. Stowe's is likely to be the most popular story she has ever written—always excepting that exceptional book of the world, "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Her last previous novel, "*My Wife and I*," has run through about 50,000 copies in three years, and is still a most popular, because eminently readable, book. "*We and Our Neighbors*," although a complete and admirable story in itself, is a Sequel to "*My Wife and I*," taking up the principal characters of that book, and, with others added, giving a most enjoyable picture of social and city life. The style is Mrs. Stowe's best and most delightful,—it is natural, sprightly, full of action and incident, softened by tenderness and illumined by wit, and made companionable and charming throughout by Mrs. Stowe's delicious and inimitable humor.

The illustrations, by Fredericks, are capital, and, being well engraved and printed, notably brighten the book. The sales of this book (published only late in April) are already numbered by tens of thousands, and it is evidently

THE NOVEL OF THE SEASON!

"It is one of the best of Mrs. Stowe's novels; and Mrs. Stowe is incapable of writing a poor one."—*St. Louis Globe*.

"The story is in the author's best and liveliest vein, and never flags even for a moment. . . . The illustrations bear a much closer examination than the average engravings of the period."—*St. Free Press*.

To be had of all Booksellers, or will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of the price by

J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

27 Park Place, N.Y.